Hoſt. Gods bleſſing of your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Falſt. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadſhil, you knew I was at your backe, and ſpoke it, on purpoſe to trie my patience.

Falſt. No, no, no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within hearing.

Prince I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Falſt. No abuſe Hall a mine honour, no abuſe.

Prince Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Falſt. No abuſe Hall.

Poynes No abuſe?

Falſt No abuſe Ned i'th worlde, honeſt Ned, none, I diſpraiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true ſubiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuſe Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honeſt Bardolfe whoſe zeal burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

Poynes Anſwer thou dead elme, anſwer.

Falſt. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falſt. For one of them ſhees in hell already, and burnes poore ſoules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether ſhe be damned for that I know not.

Hoſt

Hoſt. No I warrant you.

Falſt. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. Al vitlars do ſo, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſaies your grace?

Fal. His grace ſaies that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Hoſt. Who knockes ſo lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Weminſter,
And there are twenty weake and wearied poſtes,
Come from the North, and as I came along
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, ſweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And aſking euery one for ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Prince By heauen Poines, I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempeſt of commotion like the ſouth,
Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my ſword and cloke: Falſtaffe, good night.

Exeunt Prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſell of the night, & we muſt hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now, whats the matter?